

Northern Messenger

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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Daiton, Ont.

Coming.

'At even, or at night, or at cock-crowing, or
in the morning.'

It may be in the evening,
When the work of day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea.
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With the thoughts of Me;
While you hear the village children
Pass along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sounds of 'my' feet;
Therefore, I tell you: 'Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be in the gloaming
I will come.

'It may be when the midnight
Is heavy on the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And when the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

'It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The river's chill.
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

'It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember that 'I' may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore;
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,

And it may be in the morning
I will come.'

So he passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea;
Till he came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and the laburnum-tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,

He passed the end of the cottage
Towards the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
'Weep not,' he said, 'for unto you is given



And lifted his hands in blessing—
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall,
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering and wondering
When he would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God most high.

To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
To work and watch will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.'

So I am watching quietly
Every day;
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
'Surely, it is the shining of His face!'
—And look upon the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea,
For I know he is coming shortly

To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come,
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And he will come."

—Source Unknown.

Bless Me Also.

(By James Buckham.)

The day is done,
And I, alas! have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or
deed.

Albeit small my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could.
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood,—
The day is done.

One step behind,
One step through all eternity—
Thus much to lack of what I might have
been,

Because the temptress of my life stole in
And rapt a golden day away from me!
My highest height can never be,—
One step behind.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done this day
Of thought or deed that still, when I am
gone

Had long, long years gone singing on and on!
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say,—
I cannot tell!

O life of light,
That goest out, I know not where,
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore,
To write thy record there for evermore,
Take on thy shining wings a hope, a prayer,—
That henceforth I unfaltering fare
Toward life and light.

Going for a Walk With God.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan tells of a little child who gave a most exquisite explanation of walking with God. She went home from Sunday school, and the mother said, "Tell me what you learned at school." And she said: "Don't you know, mother, we have been hearing about a man who used to go for walks with God. His name was Enoch. He used to go for walks with God. And, mother, one day they went for an extra long walk, and they walked on and on, until God said to Enoch, 'You are a long way from home; you had better come in and stay.' And he went."

That was true. Enoch had become so familiar with God that he just went in and stayed.—'Christian Life.'

Cheerful Service.

We must serve something or some one. If we serve ourselves, we gain nothing by it; for we can give ourselves only what we already have. If we serve our fellowmen, obey their commands, promoting their interests and enhancing their glory, we can obtain from them only what they have to give. Perhaps they will not perceive the value of our service, and have no grateful appreciation thereof. What they can give is perishable and of little worth. God permits us to serve him, that is, to obey his commandments, co-operate with his great movement, and promote his glory. The service of God is a duty; it is also much more; it is a privilege. Christians dishonor their religion by representing Christian life as a chain that must be worn for a season, instead of a magnificent robe which adorns them. Serve the Lord with gladness. Be glad that you are permitted to serve him. Engage in his service cheerfully. Let his service be the foundation of all your highest joys. Do not act as though you would say: 'Ah me! I must pray, I must fast, I must give him my time, my money, my labor—ah me!' Go before his presence with singing. Sing praises unto him, that he permits you to

give anything which in anywise connects itself with him. The only permanent joy on earth is the joy of God's salvation.—Selected.

Livingstone Dedicated Life.

After spending many years in Central Africa, David Livingstone, on his birthday, in 1872, made the following entry in his journal: '19th March. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, that I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen.' A year later David Livingstone had finished his course, and he was taken home to receive his crown of righteousness. To us who are seeking to save the heathen of our own land, and who desire to set men free from the slavery of sin, the Lord asks for our whole-hearted consecration to His service. We may dedicate our lives as truly as did the famous missionary; and then it shall be ours to use the words of Paul: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.'—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

My daughter, just home from college, said to me this morning: 'Oh, father if the great preachers who come up to college on Sundays, would only preach out of the Bible, the girls would be so glad. We have enough of philosophy and speculation all the week; we want something to help us in our lives.'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

SOME WHO HELP AND WAYS OF HELPING.

Since the summer opened, writes Miss E. White, of Boston, the great addition of an electric light plant has surprised the natives at St. Anthony. The Pratt Institute of New York has furnished a man to put this in for the benefit largely of the hospital—especially the operating room—Mr. F. E. Hause being given the opportunity of doing this work for the Mission, and we can hardly imagine the splendid help it has been. The convenience of it is also greatly appreciated at the wharf-landing when patients are brought ashore in the small boats.

As we left St. Anthony at daybreak, again boarding the 'Prospero,' this time for Battle Harbor, it was with real affection that we turned to the hills about and to the little settlement which had given so many lessons of life-long use to us all, and we waved farewell to the simple folk whose lives had so little of the world outside.

The following two weeks were likewise of great interest at the settlement at Battle Harbor across the Straits of Belle Isle, where the hospital is also growing rapidly. A noble nurse, Miss Nellie Gilmour,* has here given a summer of hard work. The hospital has been enlarged, and Dr. Grieve receives patients from the west coast as well as the east. His winter work extends to the far north, where he is absent ten weeks every winter. He drives a strong team of powerful Eskimo dogs, and is known all along the coast. Dr. Seymour Armstrong, a surgeon of London, has also been giving his services at Battle Harbor during August. Sister Bailey has been the housekeeper and had charge of the distribution of clothing and the oversight of the general mission work outside. She has consented to spend the winter again at Forteau on the Canadian Labrador, where there is no doctor or nurse for a hundred miles in each direction.

We noted the barren rocks all about and felt more isolated on this island, where the great sea seems close upon us on both sides. At times it seemed depressing. It was a comfort to see the Marconi station and to feel that in time of need one could reach the world outside from this far-away-island. The great Eskimo dogs roam at large, and at night we saw the wonders of the aurora borealis, seeming even as the Eskimo believe, to be the very spirits revealing themselves in magical wonder.

The home-coming by the western coast in

* Miss Gilmour, of the Royal Victoria Hospital, has but lately returned to Montreal from her volunteer work for the past summer in Labrador.

About Winter Renewals.

As the bulk of our subscriptions expire at the end of December, each subscriber receives this week, in his paper, an 'Annual Renewal Notice' and subscription blank. If your renewal for next year has been already sent, just hand the blank over to some friend for his convenience in sending his NEW subscription.

But if your subscription expires at any time during the winter months this blank is meant FOR YOU.

We would respectfully urge you to RENEW EARLY. Nothing whatever is lost by renewing a little in advance, for renewal is always made from the expiration of your present subscription; and by sending to us before the tremendous year-end rush you greatly relieve the work of our subscription department, and enable us to give your orders earlier attention—an advantage on both sides.

For our clubbing offers see another page.

Premium offers, open to old subscribers sending new subscriptions, appear from time to time in this paper. Watch for them, or send direct to us for full particulars.

THE PUBLISHERS.

the little steamer, the 'Home,' to the Bay of Islands, acquainted us with other settlements and left us with a deeper knowledge and fuller appreciation of the vast extent of the work which the Labrador Mission is doing for a very needy people.

Perhaps the most has been gained on this visit from the conversations with the natives and their testimony of the great help which is being brought to them by their tireless and devoted friend and benefactor, 'The Doctor.' It was worth going a long way to listen to the account of one of the men who first greeted Dr. Grenfell as he was brought back to the hospital after his marvellous escape on the ice in April last. There could be no truer friendship than expressed by these fishermen for the one man who has brought help to them; as they say 'to body and soul.' More than ever have we realized the power of the life which has the secret force of an utterly unselfish devotion.

We have come back to our own work with renewed strength and desire for a faith to encounter all hardships even in this fortunate part of the world, and with such memories of the North Land as to cause a constant desire to extend the helping hand, especially to the women and children whose lives are so shut in and who have so very little by way of opportunity for betterment. There are so many ways to help. One is by sending material for knitting and for weaving. Pure woollen yarn would be most useful to these women for use in winter work. When you have all that comfort can give on a cold day in winter, think of the people far away north absolutely cut off by ice from any help, and make ready for the time when the schooner will another year early in May be taking a cargo of necessary supplies to last another long year, and so get greater pleasure in your own comfortable homes.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougal and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1903.

Christmas Lesson.

Luke ii., 8-20. Memory verses 8-10, or I. Kings xi., 4-13.

Golden Text.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke ii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 14.—Luke ii., 8-20.
Tuesday, December 15.—Isa. ix., 1-7.
Wednesday, December 16.—Matt. ii., 1-12.
Thursday, December 17.—John i., 1-18.
Friday, December 18.—Rev. iii., 9-20.
Saturday, December 19.—Rev. v., 1-14.
Sunday, December 20.—Rev. vii., 9-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Although there is the option of teaching either a combination of the two lessons for to-day or dealing with the New Testament Christmas story alone, it would be better in all probability with the younger classes to teach only the Christmas lesson. For one thing, their hearts and thoughts will at this season be full of the approaching day, and it would be difficult to take their minds off it, and certainly nothing could be more beautiful and profitable for this half hour on Sunday with the children than the sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem, the shepherds, and the angels. The little ones could almost tell it to you themselves but they do not tire of hearing it, nor of being told why it is that on Christmas Day we give each other gifts. Try, however, to impress on their hearts something more than the mere beauty of the story, some idea of what God has given us in giving His Son as our Saviour, and some thought of what we must give to God in grateful return for His love to us.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It will be interesting to take up in the older and more thoughtful classes a combination of the two lessons, the one of the need of a Saviour evidenced in Solomon's downfall and the other, the finding of a Saviour in the coming of Jesus, the Son of Mary, a member of the same royal house to which Solomon himself belonged. Solomon's is the failure of the greatest of worldly advantages and pleasures to bring satisfaction (Eccles. ii., 1-1) or even what the world would consider complete success. There is much talk to-day of exercising 'the broad spirit of Christian tolerance' and some see in Solomon's allowing his various wives to practice the rites each of her own religion an example of this to some degree. If so, then such an example would be a strong condemnation of the policy of broad tolerance, for it ended in moral and rational ruin. Solomon may have honestly sought to secure the peace of his people by an alliance with the forces of this world, but he directly disobeyed God to do it and such schemes of doing evil that good may come, will always fail. No evil must be condoned or tolerated, but an unflinching enmity against the forces of evil need not destroy that good-will which the Saviour came to bring. Solomon may have tried to gain peace by an alliance with the evil powers in this world, but Christ came to give the true peace that can only come by placing oneself on the side of God against all evil. Against the forces of evil Christ Jesus came 'not to bring peace, but a sword,' amid all the joy of this happy season the thoughtful man can not fail to see and hear the misery of those who are suffering in the bondage of sin and the Christmas spirit of love and goodwill is at one with the Christian spirit of enmity against the forces that keep poor humanity bound.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE'.)

'The birth of Jesus is the sunrise of the Bible,' says Dr. Henry Van Dyke. 'Towards

this point the aspirations of the prophets and the poems of the psalmists were directed, as the heads of flowers are turned towards the dawn. From this point a new day began to flow very silently over the world—a day of faith and freedom, a day of hope and love. When we remember the high meaning that has come into human life, and the clear light that has flooded softly down from the manger-cradle in Bethlehem of Judea, we do not wonder that mankind has learned to reckon history from the birthday of Jesus, and to date all events by the years before or after the Nativity of Christ.'

Verse 9. 'An angel of the Lord, and the glory of the Lord.' We are sure that the credibility of the miraculousness of the Advent will be more clear to us if we have really felt how vast was the importance and how great was the necessity of the event. If ever miracle might be let loose out of the rigid hand of law, when should it be but now, when the King of all the laws is coming in His personality? If there are angels, now certainly is the time for them to appear. If the stars can ever have a message and lead men, now is the time when their ministry can plead its strongest warrant. If ever the thin veil between the natural and the supernatural may break asunder, it must be now, when the supernatural power enters into eternal life and God is present among the sons of men. To any one who believes in the possibility of miracle at all, and who knows what the meaning of the Incarnation is, the wonder would be if it had no miraculous accompaniment. The breakage through the ordinary laws of nature's life seems natural and fitting, as when a king passes through a city we expect to hear trumpets and cannon replace the common sounds of trade and domestic life, which are all that its streets commonly echo.—Brooks.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking whether your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed Life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you can keep it for a day, why not always—

But you can never keep it alone.

—Henry Van Dyke, The Spirit of Christmas.

For somehow, not only for Christmas, but all the long year through,

The joy that you give to others, is the joy that comes back to you;

And the more you spend in blessing the poor and the lonely and sad,

The more of your heart's possessing, returns to make you glad.

Bible References.

Luke i., 32, 33; I. John iv., 9; John i., 14; Isa. ix., 6; Matt. i., 21; Rom. vi., 23; I. Cor. ix., 15.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 20.—Topic—Why was the King born? John xviii., 33-37. (A Christmas meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, December 14.—The women with spices. Mark xvi., 1.

Tuesday, December 15.—The stone rolled away. Mark xvi., 2-4.

Wednesday, December 16.—The women tell the story. Luke xxiv., 9-11.

Thursday, December 17.—Peter and John at the tomb. John xx., 3-9.

Friday, December 18.—Report of the guards. Matt. xxviii., 11-15.

Saturday, December 19.—His appearance to Mary. Mark xvi., 9, 10.

Sunday, December 20.—Topic—The resurrection story. Matt. xxviii., 1-10.

Religious News.

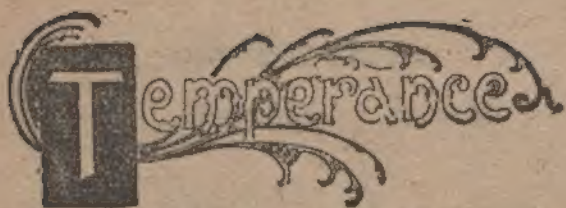
A returned missionary from Korea relates an incident of a devoted native Christian who, in order to complete a church, sold his ox for 30 yen (\$15), and afterward the plowing was done by himself and brother drawing the plow, while the father held the handles. The Rev. J. O. Reavis, in an address in the First Presbyterian Church, Selma, Ala., related this incident, and it made a deep impression upon the audience as a testimony of the desire of the Christians in Korea to help themselves and to make sacrifices. Following the service a gentleman met the pastor of the church on the street. Giving him \$15, he said that he wanted that man to have his ox again, and requested that the Korean Christian be found and given the money. Mr. Reavis at once wrote to the Rev. William M. Junkin, of Korea, and his reply enclosed a letter from the Rev. J. Hunter Wells, M.D., superintendent of the Caroline A. Ladd Hospital at Pyeng Yang, which gives the information that the man has been found. From Dr. Wells' letter we take the following:—

'The man, named Pai Ni Il, lived in 1900 in a community where the people were unable to complete the building of a church. It seemed impossible to get the additional money needed. This devoted Korean Christian sold his bullock to get the money, and the church was completed. After selling his ox he and his brother got into the traces, while his old father directed the plow, and so they tilled the fields. Pai Ni Il now lives at a place about 250 li south of Pyeng Yang, and is a Methodist preacher doing excellent work.'

Dr. Wells says: 'This story is strengthened by the exact way in which we can trace it to its source, and also in ascertaining that the man is now engaged in Christian work. The gift of \$15 will do more than merely reimburse the man, for I believe that when it is known in the districts where the man visits it will be a veritable cruise-of-oil sort of gift, and will be for the glory of God.'—The 'Missionary.'

The Letters of Queen Victoria.

Every 'Messenger' reader will be deeply interested in this new edition, at a popular price, of the letters of our late beloved Queen Victoria. No home will be complete without a set. Just think of it! The letters the good Queen wrote from her girlhood up to her widowhood—letters full of personal interest and charm—all the more because they were written with no thought of such publicity—letters that make Kings and Queens, and Emperors, and many notables of lower rank, move before us as very real human beings—letters that give us an idea of the inner workings of great events that happened during that long reign. Who would not wish to own this remarkable work? His Majesty's direct command is behind this popular edition. He wants all his people to be able to get it. Our readers will right loyally respond and we believe very many thousands of sets will be secured in Canada during the next few months. The above offers will be of value to many 'Messenger' readers.



Tom.

(By Rev. C. H. Mead, in the 'National Advocate'.)

Never did any one have a better start in life than Tom. Born of Christian parents, he inherited from them no bad defects, moral or physical. He was built on a liberal plan, having a large head, large hands, large feet, large body, and, within all, a heart big with generosity. His face was the embodiment of good nature, and his laugh was musical and infectious. Being an only child there was no one to share with him in the lavish love of his parents. They saw in him nothing less than a future President of the United States, and they made every sacrifice to fit him for his coming position. He was a prime favorite with all, and being born a leader, he was ungrudgingly accorded that position by his playmates at school and his fellows at the university. He wrestled with rhetoric, and logic, and political economy, and geometry, and came off an easy victor; he put new life into the dead languages, dug among the Greek roots by day or soared up among the stars by night. None could outstrip him as a student, and he easily held his place at the head of his class. The dullest scholar found in him a friend and a helper, while the brighter ones found in his example an incentive to do their best.

In athletic sports, too, he was excelled by none. He could run faster, jump higher, lift a dumbbell easier, strike a ball harder, and pull as strong an oar as the best of them. He was the point of the flying wedge in the game of football, and woe be to the opponent against whom that point struck. To sum it all up, Tom was a mental and physical giant, as well as a superb specimen of what that college could make out of a young man. But, unfortunately, it was one of those institutions that developed the mental, trained the physical, and starved the spiritual, and so it came to pass ere his college days were ended, Tom had an enemy, and that enemy was the bottle.

The more respectable you make sin, the more dangerous it is. An old black bottle in the rough hand of the keeper of a low dive would have no power to cause a clean young man to swerve from the right course, but he is a hero ten times over who can withstand the temptation of a wine glass in the jeweled fingers of a beautiful young lady. Tom's tempter came in the latter form, and she who might have spurred him on to the highest goal, and whispered in his ear, 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright,' started him down a course which made him learn from a terrible experience that 'at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Does anyone call a glass of wine a small thing? Read Tom's story and then call it small, if you dare! Whatever he did was done with his might, drinking not excepted. He boasted of his power to drink much and keep sober, while he laughed at the companions who imbibed far less and went to bed drunk. At first Tom was the master and the bottle his slave, but in three years' time they changed places. When too late, his parents discovered that the college had sent back to them a ripe scholar, a trained athlete and a drunkard. The mother tried to save her son, but failing in every effort, her heart broke and she died with Tom's name on her lips. The father, weighed down under the dead sorrow and the living trouble, vainly strove to rescue his son, and was found one night in the attitude of prayer, kneeling by the side of the bed where his wife's broken heart a few months before had ceased to beat. He died praying for his boy!

One evening, as the sun was setting, a man stood leaning against the fence along one of the streets of a certain city. His clothes were ragged, his face and hands unwashed,

his hair uncombed, and his eyes bleared; he looked more like a wild beast hunted and hungry than a human being. It was Tom. The boys gathered about him and made him the object of their fun and ridicule. At first he seemed not to notice them, but suddenly he cried out: 'Cease your laughter until you know what you are laughing at. Let me talk to my master while you listen.'

He pulled a bottle from his pocket, held it up, and looking at it with deep hatred flashing from his reddened eyes, he said:

'I was once your master; now I am your slave. In my strength you deceived me; in my weakness you mock me. You have burned my brain, blistered my body, blasted my hopes, bitten my soul and broken my will. You have taken my money, destroyed my home, stolen my good name, and robbed me of every friend I ever had. You killed my mother, slew my father, sent me out into the world a worthless vagabond, until I find myself a son without parents, a man without friends, a wanderer without a home, a human being without sympathy, and a pauper without bread. Deceiver, mocker, robber, murderer—I hate you! Oh, for one hour of my old-time strength, that I might slay you! Oh, for one friend and some power to free me from this slavery!'

The laugh had ceased and the boys stood gazing on him with awe. A young lady and gentleman had joined the company just as Tom began this terrible arraignment of his master, and as he ceased, the young lady stepped up to him and earnestly said: 'You

have one friend and there is one power that can break your chains and set you free.'

Tom gazed at her a moment and then said:

'Who is my friend?'

'The King is your friend,' she answered.

'And pray, who are you?' said Tom.

'One of the King's Daughters,' was the reply, 'and "in His name" I tell you He has power to set you free.'

'Free, free did you say? But, you mock me. A girl with as white a hand and as fair a face as yours, delivered me to my master.'

'Then, in the name of the King whose daughter I am, even Jesus Christ the Lord, let the hand of another girl lead you to Him who came to break the chains of the captive and set the prisoner free.'

Tom looked at the earnest face of the pleading girl, hesitated a while, as his lip quivered and big tears filled his eyes, and then, suddenly lifting the bottle high above his head, he dashed it down on the pavement, and, as it broke into a thousand pieces, he said:

'I'll trust you, I'll trust you, lead me to the King.'

And lead him she did, as always a King's Daughter will lead one who sorely needs help. His chains were broken, and at twenty-nine years of age Tom began life over again. He is not the man he might have been, but no one doubts his loyalty to the King. His place in the prayer circle is never vacant, and you can always find him in the ranks of those whose sworn purpose it is to slay Tom's old master, King Alcohol!

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The 'Pictorial' with the 'Messenger' for a whole year for only \$1.00.

Correspondence

G., Sask.

Dear Editor,—Perhaps the boys and girls who read the 'Messenger' would like to hear how my brother and I grew potatoes. Our father gave us each a large potato and told us we could have the potatoes grown from it in three crops. The first crop we got six quarts. The second crop we got 1½ bag, but were hailed. The third crop I got nineteen

cats will sit up on their hind legs and drink a long stream of milk right from the cow. They think I am angry with them if I do not give them some milk when I come to the house.
A. T. E. K.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live on a small farm alongside of St. Martin Church in the woods. I go to church and Sunday School nearly every Sunday. I go to the Madrasah School and have not missed a day this term. I have three brothers, Kenneth, Clifford, and Donald. Kenneth is six years old and goes to school

OTHER LETTERS.

Edith McLaren, D., Ont., says 'we live near the Mississippi Lake and often go out for a sail.'

Murray Martin, H., Ont., says 'I have a little kitty and two sisters and one brother.' Does the kitty usually come first, Murray?

Edith Burns, S., N.S., has a father who is 'captain on the S.S. "Lady Sybil."' Do you go with him sometimes on his trips, Edith?

Marjorie M. Willis, S. B., N.B., is quite a new friend. 'I have only taken the 'Messenger' for three weeks.' We are glad you so soon joined our correspondence circle, Marjorie.

Elsie McCallum, and Bertha Davidson, E., Alta., both send riddles that have been asked before, however.

Vera Bradshaw, S. M., N.B.; Russell Hicks, Toronto; Doreen Miatt, Toronto, and Goldie Gunter, C. H., Ont., also send little letters.

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I PLEDGE MYSELF

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Signed.....

Date.....

So many of our correspondents are members of the Royal League of Kindness and so many of the members have asked if we could let them have pledge cards, that we have arranged the following plan and want you all to write and let us know what you think about it: The Royal League of Kindness pledge, just like the above but printed in our own colors, purple and white, on a neat strong card, with a purple cord to hang it up by could be sent to any member sending five cents for the card and two cents for postage. Any six members sending together could have their six cards for twenty-five cents and the two cents for postage. But—we can only undertake to have these pledge cards prepared if at least one hundred of the members want them, so be sure to let us know at an early date if you want to be one of the first hundred. The card will be a pretty and durable card, pleasant to look at as it hangs in your room to keep you in mind of your pledge. It is for you, the members of the league, to say whether you wish to have them. You can send the amount in stamps—remember, five cents for the card, and two cents for the postage, or twenty-five cents for six cards to one address and two cents for the postage. When sending your order for the cards be sure to mark your envelope in one corner with the letters R. L. K. and print the same three letters clearly at the top of the first sheet of the letter inside. You may send in your order for a pledge card with your father's subscription to the 'Witness' or 'Messenger,' but be sure to write your letter on a separate sheet and put the letters R. L. K. clearly at the top of your letter.

Now about the badges—we have ordered a number of these in the form of dainty little enamel brooch pins, especially designed by an expert for the Royal League of Kindness and to be secured by members alone. These little brooches are the same size as the ribbon bow which was originally suggested as our badge

and are enamelled in our own colors, purple and white, with a little gold edge to set them off. They could not be secured from any jeweller under thirty or forty cents, but by ordering in quantity and selling at net cost, we are able to offer to the members of the Royal League of Kindness this brooch with the pledge card and postage included for just twenty-five cents. Even apart from its meaning this little brooch is a very pretty piece of jewellery in itself such as any one would be pleased to have and to wear, and should last a lifetime for as the manufacturer expressed it, 'unless you dropped an axe on it, it wouldn't break.' It would be a neat little Christmas gift to any member of the League, and yet is so cheap that all will be able to secure it.

We have ordered these brooches in the expectation that about two hundred will want to join the League and start the New Year in the new spirit of kindness. Write soon and send in your order. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to the 'Messenger' to become a member of the League and secure one of these brooches. If any friends who are not subscribers wish to join, we shall be very glad to welcome them and put their names down on the list, but only members of the League can secure these brooches. We are very glad to be able to make this offer to our Montreal subscribers as well. We so often have to shut them out of privileges given to those outside the city, but this is open to all members of the League both in Montreal and out. When ordering your badge mark your envelope in the corner with the letters R. L. K. and put the same three letters at the top of the first sheet inside. This is to ensure your letters particularly prompt attention, so don't forget it. Let us hear from you soon.

Vera Bradshaw, S. M., N.B., Oliver Christie, A., Ont., Carol Newman, S., N.B., and Lawrence Schell, A., Ont., are the new members for this week.

every day. We will soon have Christmas holidays.

DUNCAN McQUEEN.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think that the Royal League of Kindness is a splendid thing and I am sending in my pledge with this letter. My father is the superintendent for our Sunday School, but, it has stopped now, as we do not have Sunday School in the winter. We have to cross the Saugren River to get to church.

OLIVER CHRISTIE (age 13.)

bags and they brought \$14.50. My brother got twenty bags which brought him \$15.50. We had enough to buy our winter clothes. I will close, now, wishing the 'Messenger' success.

GEORGE CRIPPS (age 10.)

S. S. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eleven years old. I live on a farm with my grandma and grandpa. I have one Bantam rooster. He is a funny bird, and is king of the barnyard. He will chase the old roosters all over the yard, and he will not let them eat. My

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

Get five people who have not been taking the 'Messenger' to give you 10 cents each for a three months' trial subscription. Send us the names and addresses and the 50 cents, and we start the 'Messenger' at once to the new subscribers, and send you six beautiful colored pictures (9in. x 16in.) entitled 'Pansy Blossoms,' suitable for framing. One of these pictures you give to each of the new subscribers and one is for you. We send you also a handsome enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble.

Under this Club, the 'Messenger' may be ordered sent anywhere in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs) or anywhere in the British Isles, but the pictures must all go to you to distribute. Some of your friends who already take the 'Messenger' themselves would gladly join your club and send the 'Messenger' to a little friend in the 'Old Country' or elsewhere, and you could deliver the picture to them to send on or keep as they chose. The pictures are really lovely—so real, so richly colored. Everyone admires them. They would make a bright spot in Grandma's room. Even in the kitchen, if mother were hot or tired, these pansies would look fresh and cool and sweet. Or, perhaps, you have a sick friend you want to remember at Christmas? Your 'Pansy Blossoms' would look so refreshing. And if you could not manage to get the picture really framed, you could, with your nimble fingers, mount it on heavy pasteboard, so that it would last a long time. You see then that our 'Pansy Blossom Clubs' open the way for much pleasure all round. See what you can do.

Our 'Blossoms' were being gathered so fast we had to get in a new supply, so as to satisfy everyone.

Send the money carefully (by money order, registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

STILL THEY COME.

The following also have sent clubs:—Nettie Graham, N.S.; M. Alberta Jamieson, N.B.; Arthur Spencer, N.S.; W. Symonds, N.S.; Etta M. Gunn, Ont.; Inez Osborn, Ont.; Milton Steele, Que.; Bert Garland, Ont.; Chas. Booth, Ont.; Ella Chappell, N.S.; Luther Williams, Ont.; Erma Fash, N.B.; Nina Harris, N.S.; Walter Eldridge, N.S.; Mrs. Cameron Mann, N.B.; Minnie Bingham, Ont.; Rosilla Shannon, Ont.; Rosa Spence, Ont.; Mrs. J. A. Johnston, Que.; Ruth Hunter, Ont.; Violet and Maude Swin, N.S.; Bella Matheson, Ont.; Elva Brown, Ont.; Violet Haery, Ont. Omitted from earlier list: Margaret Dewar, N.S.; Nellie McNabb, Ont.; Edith Hamilton, N.S.; Janet McCrae, Que.; Kate Rutherford, Ont.; Winnifred Rightmeyer, Ont.

AND ALL DELIGHTED.

Dear Editor,—I received the 'Pansy Blossoms,' also the lovely pin. Thank you very much. I have given the five pictures away and the little friends were well pleased.

Your Little Friend.

ELSIE EDMOND, QUE.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Three Things.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a contented spirit.

Three things to like—cordiality, good-humor, and cheerfulness.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and slipshod jesting.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humor.

Three things to contend for—honor, country, and friends.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct.

Three things to cherish—virtue, good-humor, and wisdom.

Three things to do—think, live, act.

Three things to think of—life, death, and eternity.—'The Voice.'

Mattie's Hero.

(By Mabel King, in 'The British Congregationalist'.)

To begin with he had not the slightest idea that he was anybody's hero. He was a tall commanding personage, with a calm and steadfast sort of face, from which clear, grey eyes looked thoughtfully upon the world in general. A business man, a man who was the head of an influential firm, and who bore with dignity the heavy responsibilities that were his.

He had come across Mattie as he was hurrying to the station for his train; he was on the outlook for an 'Evening News,' and seeing a girl on the other side of the street with a small stack of them under her arm, he held up a finger, and smiled the next moment at the way in which the city child darted across the street, regardless of cabs, carts and horses, so intent was she on 'trade.'

Theodore Malton was naturally a quick observer, and as the child with eager trembling hands drew out a 'News' he noted the thin, unchild-like face, with its look of care and anxiety, and he felt saddened, because he was thus brought face to face with one of the darkest problems of our city life.

'Trade good, little one?' he asked; he spoke just because his was a kindly nature, and because it struck him as pitiful that a child—moreover a delicate child—should have to sell papers in that driving rain. The day had been depressing in the extreme, and now in the murky dusk there was something in the appearance of this child that gave him pause, so while he felt in his pocket for a coin he spoke to the child, studying the thin face as he spoke. 'Trade good, little one?' he asked, and Mattie stared in incredulous wonder. After a brief stare she replied, 'It's awful,' she said. 'I've only sold three papers, yet, and I'm wet to the skin.'

She was wet, there was no doubt about it. Poor child! She was not only wet, but hungry, and tired, and wretched. Alas! that such children are to be found in our cities!

'You'd better run home, child,' Mr. Malton remarked kindly. 'It's such a fearful night, you'd better give up selling your papers for to-night, and go home.' Mattie's eyes nearly started out of her head. 'Go home!' she cried. 'Lor! what hever do yer mean? Go home! Why I shan't go home till them papers is sold! Bless yer! we've six to keep, and three of 'em b'ys that wear their things out shameful! Yer can't afford to giv in for a drop of rain when the rent 'as to be got, let alone a bite to eat.'

The pitiless rain came with such a sudden burst that Theodore Malton reflected that he could not stand questioning the child in it any longer, besides if he did he would lose his train, so with careless generosity he put a sixpence into the grimy little hand, and said, 'There, child, go and get yourself "a bite to eat" at any rate'; and before Mattie could recover from the ecstatic delight his gift gave her, he had sped on his way.

He felt sorry enough; he felt, as so many

have done, the burden laid upon a nation when such a state of things is possible. Children, who ought to know nothing of care, facing life's responsibilities in this way. He sighed, but in a few moments was engrossed in reading of a big mercantile failure, and the little news-girl passed out of his thoughts.

The next day, however, she was brought back to them in a forcible way. He was hurrying down to the station again, when a shrill little voice cried 'Evening News! 'Evening News!' and, mechanically, he was putting out his hand for one, when he became aware of some undue excitement. As his hand was extended to take the paper the child he was about to take it from was pounced upon by a girl, whom he recognized as his vendor of the previous night. 'Get hout!' she cried fiercely. 'What do yer mean by axin' 'im?' 'E's mine, 'e is! Keep to yer own customers, and leave mine alone!' The next instant her tone changed, and she said pleadingly, 'Evenin' News, sir?' holding out one as she spoke.

Theodore Malton was perplexed. 'Little girl,' he said quietly, 'you should not be so rough; you have made that other child very unhappy; besides you had no right to try to prevent me buying from her.'

Mattie looked up in dismay, and her face began to work and Theodore Malton bending his head caught the murmured words: 'Yer was the fust as hever was good to me! Yer giv me sixpence and spoke kind, yer did, and I'll let anybody know as tries to take yer from me.'

'What's your name, little girl?' he asked. 'And how old are you?'

'My name's Mattie,' she answered, and I'm 12. I'm goin' in 13, but I'm not much bigger than our Polly, and she's only 10. Mother says, as not 'avin' enough to eat and not 'avin' sleep enough keeps me small.'

Mattie was evidently loquacious, and there was a certain quaintness in her speech that amused Theodore Malton, and made him feel more interest in the child.

'Look here, Mattie!' he said in his tone of authority, which would creep into his words in spite of himself. 'Look here! I can have nothing to do with you if you do as you did. I don't mean to encourage you to fight about my evening paper. Promise

me that you won't do that sort of thing again, and I'll make an agreement with you.'

'What is it?' she asked cautiously, looking at him with her pitiful shrewdness.

'Promise me that you will never fight about me again, then I'll promise you that I will buy my paper from you every day,' Theodore Malton said quietly.

'Oh!' cried Mattie, and her thin little face flushed crimson with the sudden delight, 'Do yer mean it? 'Onest Injun?'

He smiled pityingly. 'Yes, Mattie,' he said, 'I do mean it. Be at the corner we have just passed every evening about this time, and wait for me; I'm not often later than this. Is it a bargain?'

'Yea!' she cried, 'I'd do a deal for a reg'lar! I shan't mind 'er tryin' to sell, now that I knows yer won't buy from 'er. I'll be 'ere for certain; yer'll tak one now, sir?'

He smiled and took one, then he thrust a penny into her hand. 'Now Mattie,' he said, 'every night that you can look me in the face, and say you havn't fought anyone, you shall have a penny for your paper! That will be a little bit of genuine profit. We'll start to-night, because you have given me your promise.' Mattie looked after the tall, erect figure with wondering admiration.

'Blest if 'e musn't be a millionaire,' she ejaculated. 'A penny every night for a 'alf-penny paper! My word! I'll leave that kid alone! I never 'ad a reg'lar afore, and this one's a reg'lar anyone 'd be proud to 'ave.'

The compact thus curiously entered into was faithfully kept. Every evening Mattie was waiting with an 'Evening News' in her hand, when Theodore Malton appeared, and every evening he gave her the promised penny, and hurried on his way. He gave her more than the penny, though, for he always gave her a pleasant smile and a cheerful word. It was, 'Is trade brisk, Mattie?' or 'I hope you'll sell all your papers to-night, Mattie,' to which Mattie would reply, 'But poor, sir,' or 'I 'opes so, sir,' as the case might be.

Every night Mattie felt cheered and helped; she thought with wondrous gratitude of her "reg'lar," and Theodore Malton would have opened his honest eyes in amazement if he had ever been told what he was to that poor, neglected, careworn child. He was, in fact, her hero. In Mattie's eyes Theodore Malton was simply the best, and wisest, and kindest man that there was in that big city. One night, about six months after the compact between them had been made, as Theodore Malton drew near he became aware that something unusual had happened. Mattie was fairly trembling with excitement, and her eyes were almost dazzling in their unusual brightness.

'Well, child,' he remarked pleasantly, 'you look as if you had found a fortune! Have you got another "reg'lar," Mattie?'

'No,' she said soberly, then her voice changed. Oh, sir! she cried, 'I'm that 'appy as my 'ead's turned! A lady what comes into our street a-seein' as yer washes yer-selves, and as the babies is fed proper, said as she'd give me a ticket to go the seaside, with a lot of others. It's to-morrow. It won't cost me nothin', for they gives yer a breakfast when yer gets there and a tea afore yer comes back, but I shall miss bringin' yer paper for yer, sir. I felt as if I'd better stop at 'ome rather than miss yer, but my mother says as it's the chance of a lifetime and I'd be a soft to miss it. We shall be in a bit of a 'ole if I miss a day, but I've never 'ad a 'oliday afore, and my mother says as I may never 'ave another, so I'd better make the most of it.'

Poor Mattie! In her excitement and eagerness she would have gone on talking for hours. Theodore Malton looked at the thin, eager little face with fresh pity, as he heard the unchildlike phrase 'May never 'ave another.' Poor child! Even if he lost his train he must help to make this one holiday pleasant.

'Why, Mattie,' he remarked kindly, 'this is wonderful news! I hope you'll have a very good time! It was very kind of the lady to give you a ticket. Now, my child, here's a shilling for you; take it, and spend it in donkey rides, or chocolate, or anything you'd like. I hope you'll have it fine, and I

BOYS AND GIRLS

— CAN EARN —

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(See page 13 and 14 for new premiums.)

must get a paper from someone else to-morrow, but I shall expect you the day after."

Somehow Theodore Malton missed the quaint, ragged, little figure very much the next day. He marvelled at himself that this was so, but it was with a real pleasure that he desisted her on the following day.

She greeted him with a broad smile, and Mattie did not often smile. She had her papers tucked under her arm, and in one hand she carried something carefully tied up in a handkerchief.

"Did you enjoy yourself, Mattie?" Theodore Malton asked in his kind voice. "You had a lovely day."

"Oh, sir! It was 'eavenly!" cried the eager child. "Oh! I didn't know there was nothin' like it! My! such a lot of water! It keeps a-movin', too! I never see nothin' like it! We had buns and milk when we got there, and afore we come 'ome we 'ad more buns and milk, and bread and butter, too, and we was 'ungry! Then we 'ad a donkey ride; I did like it! Then some of us went on the pier; I paid for one little un as 'adn't nothin', and then we went to look at the shops. There were a lot of beautiful things, and I never 'ad nothin' to spend as I liked afore. There was the shillin' as yer gave me, sir, and my mother she give me twopence, and that there lady as I told yer of she gave me threepence! I never 'ad expected to 'ave such money as that to spend in all my life! I axed my mother if I ought to save some of it toward the rent, and she bust out a-cryin' and said, "Lord love yer, no! Yer never 'ad nothin' to spend afore, and it's yer own to do as yer likes with." My I did enj'y myself! I got my mother a brooch. It's a beauty, and it 'as a stone in it that looks just like a di'mond! Mother were took with it; then I got some rock for the young uns, and I made 'em stand still while mother divided it 'onest between 'em, and I got this, sir, I got it for you; it's yer very own, the 'andkerchief and all."

Mattie's look of gratitude, and the devotion in the thin little face brought a sudden dimness into Theodore Malton's fine eyes. Not for worlds would he have pained the child by refusing her gift! He was touched beyond measure by the thought that she had wanted to bring him anything.

"Mattie," he said gently, "it was uncommonly kind of you to bring me anything! I had never dreamed of such a thing, so it has come as a great surprise. Thank you very much for it, but, Mattie, what did "you" have?"

"Oh!" she said with another rare smile, "I 'ad the j'y of it all; I never could 'ave thought there was such j'y in the world! It's so lovely to feel as yer able to give out-and-out! I never 'ad nothink to give afore, so I gives it so thankful. I'd best not untie it or we'd 'ave a crowd round us in a minnit, but it's a cup and saucer, a pink 'un, and it's got "a present from the seaside" on it; 'ere it is, sir."

"Thank you very much, Mattie," Theodore Malton replied as he took the handkerchief in his hand, "I shall never forget this."

Many curious eyes were directed at Theodore Malton as he hurried to the station; it is an independent age, we know, but still there is something, to say the least of it, curious when a prosperous merchant is seen walking down Market Street, carrying in his hand something tied up in a handkerchief, that looks strangely suggestive of a dinner!

His fellow-passengers looked amused as the tall, aristocratic-looking man carefully placed the handkerchief and its contents on the rack. They all knew him by sight, and found him courteous and friendly enough, but somehow he 'kept them at their distance,' so no one felt at liberty to 'chaff' him, and the incident passed without any comment being made.

When Theodore Malton reached his home it was otherwise. There, where he was best known and loved, it followed as a matter of course, he was less feared, and as he approached his front door it was thrown wide open, and a merry, laughing voice exclaimed, while a little ripple of laughter burst from the astonished lips, "My dear Theodore! what have you got there? Were you afraid I had forgotten to order dinner?"

Theodore Malton smiled, and kissed the laughing face; it was not often that he saw in it quite so merry a mood.

"It's not a dinner, Ray," he answered quiet-

ly, with a gleam of amusement in his eyes, "it's nothing to eat, but I'm simply starving, and your mention of dinner has made me remember it. Let me have a wash now, and when I have refreshed my inner man I will tell you all about it."

An hour later Ray Malton sat down by her husband's side, and slipped her hand into his; they were everything to each other, this husband and wife. "Now, dear," she said, "I'm ready for your story. I'm really full of curiosity about the mysterious contents of that pocket-handkerchief."

He rose and left her, returning immediately with the handkerchief.

"Untie it, Ray," he said in a voice of unusual feeling, "then you will see what it is."

She untied it, and stared in unfeigned astonishment. This is what she saw—a flaring pink cup and saucer, with a dark red band round both, and in bright gilt letters the words, "A present from the seaside." The handkerchief on being opened out was found to have in one corner in bright blue lettering the words "Forget-me-not." They were all of the coarsest and cheapest make possible, and beneath the cup was the familiar inscription, "Made in Germany." Ray Malton looked her utter astonishment, and her husband smiled at her, but her quick eyes saw that beneath the smile there was something she had not discovered yet. She put the three articles down quietly, and slipping her hand again into its resting-place she said, "I'm ready for the story, Theodore."

Then he told her about Mattie, about the thin, eager little face, about her delight at having "a reg'lar," about the astonishing regularity with which the delicate child waited for him in all weathers; and then of this one event of her life, her one holiday, and the fact that for the only time in her short life she had had money of her own to spend. He told of the brooch with the stone in it that looked like a "di'mond," of the "rock" for the children, and of the cup and saucer and handkerchief for him; then he told of his question of what the child had had for herself out of her small store of wealth, and of her simple answer, "I 'ad the j'y of it all," and when he had finished his voice shook, and there were tears in Ray's beautiful eyes.

"The dear child," she said softly, "the dear, grateful child! How old is she, Theodore?"

"She said she was twelve "going in thirteen,"" he replied, but he felt the quiver that went through Ray's frame, and he was prepared for the words that came in low tones. "She" would have been thirteen to-day.

"I know, my darling," he said gently, "I have not forgotten it; in fact I thought it was a wonderful thing that this should have happened on Nellie's birthday." There was a beautiful home, and everything about it gave evidence of wealth and good taste, but it was a childless home. It had not been so always. Thirteen years before a little one had been born to them, and while she lived their hearts were filled with joy and thankfulness, but when little Nellie was five years old she was snatched from them by a sudden attack of croup, and since then there had been no other little feet to patter about and make music in the handsome home.

"Ray," Theodore Malton said, after there had been a long silence. "Mr. Barnham is so good that I'm not a bit afraid of hurting his feelings when I say that poor little Mattie preached me a better sermon than ever he did. It went home, Ray, and after all if sermons are to do any good they must go home. "I'd the j'y," she said, poor child. "I never could 'ave thought there was such j'y in the world! It's so lovely to feel as yer able to give out-and-out! I never 'ad nothing to give afore, so I give it so thankful!" God forgive me, Ray, but I have thought since then of all I had to give, and how little I have given; worse than that, dear, what I have given has often been given with the feeling that it was a nuisance, and not with the thought of the joy of giving. I told the poor child I should never forget it, and I never shall."

"Has she a father?" asked Mrs. Malton, thoughtfully, and her husband had to own that he did not know; on second thoughts he was inclined to think she had not. "She said there were six of them," he remarked, "and three were "by's that wore their things out shameful"; and on another occasion she

spoke of "Polly," so the three boys, Polly, her mother, and herself would make the six."

"Theodore," she said gravely, "I have often thought that it was not right for us to share our good things with no one; would it be possible to adopt this poor child, and bring her up in our darling's place?"

"That is like you, Ray," he said tenderly, "I must own the thought had come to me, but it would not work. The child might be educated, and might become all we could desire, but the child herself would never consent. She is so brave, and has had so much responsibility thrust upon her, that she would feel it selfish to leave her overburdened mother to struggle on without her help. No, my dear, it is quite plain to me that the whole family must be helped; Mattie is not likely to let it be otherwise."

"Then," said Mrs. Malton decidedly, "the whole family must be helped!"

It was only in rare moments that Ray Malton spoke in tones of decision like that; her husband looked at her earnestly; he saw the glowing face, the kindling eye, the intensity of purpose, and he felt within himself the conviction that "Ray would do it."

He was right: Ray did it.

There was a certain rich man who had the reputation of being the most eccentric man in their neighborhood, and while the husband and wife were sitting in close conversation this gentleman was announced. It did not give either of them the least surprise to find that he had followed the maid into the room, instead of waiting, as anyone else would have done, in the drawing-room.

"Good evening," he began, shaking hands politely with Mrs. Malton. "Hello, Malton, been to the seaside? Well! This is a good one! Reminds one of Blackpool, and New Brighton, and places of that sort! I'd advise you to put it on the sideboard, or else on a bracket." He laughed heartily at his own cleverness.

"No, I've not been to the seaside," Mr. Malton replied, "but I mean to put the cup and saucer in a place where I shall see them frequently. I don't want to forget them."

"What do you mean?" demanded the rich man, and Ray Malton, looking into his face at that moment, saw beneath the eccentricity a glimpse of the soul of the man, and before her husband could say a word she said earnestly, "Theodore, Mr. Willis would be very interested in our dear little Mattie;" and then she told the story that her husband had just told her. She told it well, her sweet, refined voice, the emotion with which she spoke, to say nothing of the dainty prettiness of her pleading face, all combined to make a tout ensemble that impressed Mr. Willis forcibly. His was not a hard heart; it was really a very tender and sympathetic heart, but he had been imposed upon many times, and thought it well to try to harden his heart. He listened to the end, without a word of interruption, his eyes fixed on Ray Malton's face. At the close he asked, with a sort of whimsical directness, "What induced you to tell this tale to me?"

Ray could be as direct as Mr. Willis, so, without beating about the bush at all, she said quietly, "I want you to put the woman into your lodge. I know you are looking for someone to take Mrs. Humphrey's place, now that she is going to live with her married daughter."

"Preposterous!" he cried, but his eyes twinkled, and hope came into Ray's heart.

"How many children did you say she had?" he asked, and Ray meekly answered "five," and felt quite relieved that he did not pounce upon her with the triumphant cry of

Names Wanted.

We wish to send out, at this season, a large number of sample copies of the "Witness" and "Messenger," and we ask our readers to kindly furnish us with lists of names. Even four or five would be appreciated.

To those who will send us a list of names and addresses of only ten adults (heads of families preferred, and not more than one name from the same home) persons who they think would be interested in our papers, we will send a colored picture, free and post-paid. Please cut out this advt. and send with your list, or head it "Names for Sampling."

Address, John Dougall & Son, "Witness Block, Montreal.

'Wrong!' as 'Humpty Dumpty' did on Alice,' for she had not mentioned the number of children at all.

'Ridiculous!' he exclaimed, 'I like my lodgekeeper to be either a widow without children, or someone with decent grown-up children. Five children, indeed! Where is your conscience, Madam?'

'There are three boys,' Ray went on calmly; 'they could be trained for gardeners, and could be very useful even while young; they must all go to school, of course, for a while, then I should like to take Mattie into the house and train her for something useful, and Mrs. Brown would be willing, I am sure, to do the same for Polline.'

'Upon my word, Mrs. Malton!' exclaimed Mr. Willis, 'you seem to have settled things very nicely! Well! Let the woman come to see me, and we'll see what can be done.'

Mattie's astonishment was great when Theodore Malton asked for her address the next day, and when she got home on the following day she found such a state of excitement as there had never been in the small home before, not even when she had gone to the seaside.

'A lady come,' explained her mother, 'a beautiful lady, what was dressed lovely; she axes me was I Mrs. Smith, and I says I were; she says "May I come in, Mrs. Smith?" I wants to talk somethink over with you," so I axes 'er in, and she tells me as it was 'er husband that yer bought that there pink cup for, 'im as is yer reg'lar. She said as they wouldn't never forget it, and as they wanted to do summut to 'elp us. She axes me 'ow many we was, and if my 'usband was dead, and I told 'er 'e was, but I didn't make no trouble about that, for I'd a deal rather 'ave 'im lyin' comfortable in the cemetery than 'avin' to go after 'im into pubs, as I 'ad to afore, I told 'er I didn't bear 'im no grudge, that 'e was the best of 'usbands if 'e could only 'ave left the drink alone, which 'e couldn't.' (It was easily discovered where Mattie got her loquacity from.) 'Then she hup and told me of a gent as she knew what wanted a woman for to keep his lodge. She said I must go to see 'im to-morrow, and she'd go with me. She give me money to pay my fare; it's eight miles away, and there a nice cottage to live in with a big garden, and there'd be good wages and the cottage rent free. She said as I must go clean and tidy, and she told me she would pay for a print dress for me to go in, and I'm to get one to-night. I can get it at one of them places where they sells servant's dress. Mattie! It's all along of you. If we gets it I hall feel that yer've made our fortunes. She said as yer must all go to school; then you and Poll could be taught 'ow to be sarvents, and the boys 'ow to be gardeners, for there was plenty wanted.'

'My!' cried Mattie. 'Oh, mother! To live in the country! To go to school!' Mattie could hardly contain herself, and she lay on her hard comfortless bed that night wide-awake but happy, dreaming some of the loveliest dreams she had ever dreamt.

The next day Mrs. Smith was met at the station by Mrs. Malton, and taken by her to Mr. Willis's, and Mr. Willis was pleased with the appearance of the careworn woman, in her clean print dress; he wanted, moreover, to please Mrs. Malton, and he engaged the woman whom she had brought under his notice, conditionally. She was to enter his employment straight away, provided he could get satisfactory references. 'The lady what sees as yer washes yerself, and as the babies is fed proper,' who proved to be the visitor of a local 'Health Society,' could speak for Mrs. Smith; also the Evangelist at a neighboring Mission Hall; and before many days had passed Mrs. Smith and her children were installed in the comfortable lodge attached to Mr. Willis's grounds, and the days of their life in that poor slum, and all its attendant misery were things of the past.

Mattie 'took to' her books as a duck takes to water, and got on well at school, and blossomed out into a healthy, happy girl, under more favorable conditions. She had one great ambition—a very great one it seemed to her—and that was to learn enough to one day become housemaid to Mrs. Malton. Then she would live under the same roof as her hero. All the good things of Mattie's life had come through her hero, she thought gratefully, and she felt richly rewarded for any effort she had made in school when Theodore Malton said pleasantly to her 'We are delighted, my

Good Times Ahead.

Are your skates sharp, boys? and your skating boots large enough for another year?

Jack and Harry and Bill and Herb started out one day last fall and had the best time ever. They had coasted down the long hill to the lake taking their skates just in case

and struck off on an exploring expedition of his own while the other three were having a hockey scrimmage. The first thing they knew of his going was a wild shout as he dropped through into icy water up to his shoulders. When they had got him out they forced him



—The 'Child's Companion.'—

the ice would hold, and were rewarded by finding that in the sheltered bay where the long point kept off the wind, there was a fine bit of strong ice. Outside the point the ice had shoved and there was a weak streak, and here and there open water. The weak streak along the crack was the undoing of Herb, for he thought he knew better than the big brother who warned him not to go out there. He thought it would be all right along shore

to run all the long way up the hill in his icy clothes to keep him from taking cold. There was no need of any word from mother as she tucked him into bed to spend the rest of the bright day. He had learned his lesson that it did not pay to ignore the big brother's advice. Bill had learned something, too, for he decided that it was easier and better to take the small brother into the game than just warn him what not to do.

child!' He was still unconscious that he was her hero, but she was unconscious that Theodore Malton looked on her with peculiar gratitude, because she had first led him to the knowledge of the joy of giving 'out-and-out.'

Mattie was not the only child whose life was made happier and easier because of Theodore Malton. It was surprising how many opportunities came into his life, now that his eyes were opened, and how much fuller and richer that life became because of them.

Seven years passed away, and then Mattie had her heart's desire granted to her. She had been taken into Mrs. Malton's service when she left school, and trained in various humble ways, and now was promoted into

being her housemaid. Mattie felt it a position worth having.

It was when her duties took her into Theodore Malton's 'sanctum' that Mattie was brought face to face with the past. On a handsome carved bracket she saw the pink cup and saucer, which, on the day that she had then thought the happiest of her life, she had brought her hero. It brought everything back to her so vividly, the weary anxious child to whom 'rent day' was such a pressing care, the hunger, the weariness, the crowded streets, and the kind voice which was the one cheering element of that lonely life. Tears sprang into Mattie's eyes; at twenty she looked upon that daring pink cup

with different eyes from which she had looked upon it when 'she was going in thirteen,' and she was touched with a new reverence for her employer that during all those years he had kept it in its place of honor.

Mrs. Malton came into the room, and caught sight of the tears, and the moved expression on Mattie's face.

'I believe Mr. Malton loves that cup and saucer, Mattie,' she said kindly, 'He has often said that he must have it where he could see it, because it was the reminder of one of the best sermons he ever heard preached.'

'What did he mean, ma'am?' asked Mattie. She was able now to speak well, in a quiet way, and she looked with her big tear-filled eyes into her mistress's face. 'What did he mean? I never preached a sermon in my life.'

'Mattie,' said Mrs. Malton sweetly, and as Mattie looked she saw that tears were welling up in those clear kind eyes, 'I always meant to tell you some day. You spent your tiny store on others, and when my husband asked you what you had for yourself you told him you had had the joy of giving, and that it was so beautiful to be able to give out-and-out. It was because of that I got Mr. Willis to take your mother; it was because of the interest that aroused in him he had been such a friend to you all; but that is not all, Mattie. There are many weary men, and women, and children whose lives are made a little easier for them, many into whose lives some comfort is brought to-day, through my husband. He gives himself freely, both his time and his money, and he says it is because he took to heart a short and simple sermon, delivered by a little news-girl long ago. I meant to tell you, Mattie, because I know it will make you happy.' Mattie smiled through her tears. She was happy. She was to be congratulated, too, for as the years went on they only brought to her, with increasing knowledge, an increasing respect for the man who became known through the length and breadth of the land as a philanthropist. He was, and ever would be, her hero.

Making Muscle.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'S. S. Visitor.')

In tennis courts, in baseball parks, and racing down sparkling streams, the boys and girls of the land are exercising and developing sturdy muscles on their strong young frames all through the summer, and when winter comes there are just as many delightful pastimes. Once it was thought that the body should be kept weak to allow the mind to reach its greatest strength, but happily that is all past, and we are beginning to know that healthy bodies are the homes for healthy, active minds.

But it happens often that we develop one side of our nature to the exclusion of the other, and the result is an uneven or unbalanced life. The other day some one pointed out a very giant of a man physically, and said, 'That young man can neither read nor write.' He was proud of his great strength and fine muscles, but said it was wasting time to go to school or even to learn the least thing to be found in books. The muscles of his body were like iron, but those of his mind as flabby as a baby's.

'I wouldn't try any more, Elsie,' said a grandmother the other day when her favorite granddaughter had been defeated in a tennis game. 'You have been beaten several times, and it doesn't pay to keep on trying.' Whereupon the girl said at once, with bright eyes, 'I'll never give up till I win.' The wise old lady expected such an answer, and reminded the young girl that that was not the way she did when it came to holding her temper in check. She was willing to patiently try again and again on the tennis court, but weakly said, 'I can't help it,' when her temper conquered. Now what sort of moral muscles will a girl like that have? If at thirteen she admits that she cannot control her temper, and has stopped trying, what would become of her at thirty?

It seems strange how just a little cultivation will improve our bodies and minds. To win one race makes a boy want to try again, and often defeat makes him more determined to succeed. I know one boy who felt that he was much abused because he had to help his delicate mother sweep, but he manfully deter-

mined to overcome the feeling in spite of the jeers of his mates. If you ever have tried to sweep heavy carpets, and beat rugs, you know that it is fine exercise, so this boy developed both body and mind while relieving his mother. On the day that he saved the game for the baseball nine the lads ceased to make fun of him for helping with the housework, and he stands head and shoulders above his class to-day, when it comes to moral strength.

It pays to try again and again at a game, and it pays to develop the muscles of our minds and hearts by the same method. Suppose you are defeated? Do you sit down and say you never will try again? If you do you never will amount to anything in the world. Your bodily muscles must be strong for the battle of life, but your moral muscles must be stronger.

We all enjoy seeing a sturdy, muscular body, but far above physical strength, ranks moral courage, and right ideas of physical muscle.

How Dick Saved His Father.

Dick, the child of a tenement house, came softly tiptoeing into the public library, and caught his breath at the lovely vision.

His home was a couple of rooms up rickety stairs, under a flat roof. One room had a window, the other was a dark closet, where his mother and three sisters lived. Lived? No, existed, that was all.

That spring day Dick had come into the children's room of the library. Here was a beautiful picture of a horse's head; there one of a child with dogs, happy playmates together. Aurora stood in her chariot all life and grace, and not far off Raphael's Sistine Madonna looked down on him with tender eyes.

Vases of wild flowers told the story of the spring time.

Dick thought in a minute of a rug in the hall of a great house where he had been on an errand, Persian it was, though he didn't know it. Better than that, it was a bit of the country where he had once spent a fresh-air week. He had never forgotten the green fields, the cows coming home from pasture, the brimming pail of milk, and the meadow brook where the cardinal flower shot up its points of vivid color.

That night when Dick crept back to his miserable home, he found his father just rousing from a heavy, stupid sleep, and going out for more liquor.

'Wait, oh wait, father, and let me tell you what I saw to-day.'

And the father halted, partly because he was not quite ready to stir, and partly to please the boy, for he was always kind when he was sober.

So Dick told him what he had seen, but his father paid little heed until he described the country scene.

Then the man bowed his head and seemed to see again his boyhood's home.

Once more he breathed the sweet country air, robins and thrushes sang for him, and the spoils of the wood were his.

And then came the vision of his mother singing as she worked.

Finally Dick's father exclaimed: 'I will never drink anything stronger than water, and we will live in the country.'

Oh, what joy for Dick. How he flew as on wings to sell his newspapers, sweep offices, do errands, hold horses, do anything to earn a little towards a country home.

His father was a skilled workman, and when he left liquor alone could earn enough to make them comfortable.

The poor discouraged mother began to take heart again. They all agreed that a few rooms in a decent place should do for the present, and that every possible penny should be saved for the 'country fund.'

One day Dick saw in an office waste basket a list of abandoned farms, and took it home to his father, who learned from it of a possible place. After some writing back, and forth it was decided that he could have it free for the first year, if he would make certain repairs.

Now then, the way was clear, and the money saved bought a cow. Then an over-worked express horse was bought of his cruel master to take on a new lease of life, and a dozen fine hens completed the purchases.

It is a year since the family took possession. The little place is like a garden for

thrift and neatness. Dick's mother is the best of housekeepers. White curtains screen the narrow windows and here and there a braided rug brightens the room.

Dick and his father are hard workers, early and late they toil, but for sweet reward.

Even the younger children love to help, and little by little they increase their stock. Dick has a market waggon and drives twice a week eight miles to town with a load of choice vegetables, butter and poultry, coming home tired but happy to a nice bed in a quiet room where the pure air gives new life and vigor.

The dark shadows have vanished from the household, and the gambrel roof broods over it as the spirit of peace.—The 'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Disciplining.

There is more cause for joy than for complaint in the hard and disagreeable circumstances of life. Browning said, 'I count life just a stuff to try the soul's strength on.' Spell the word 'discipline' with a final g—'disciplining.' We are here to learn Time's lesson for Eternity's business. What does it signify if the circumstances about us are not of our choice, if by them we can be trained, learning the lessons of patience, fortitude, perseverance, self-denying service, acquiescence with God's will and the hearty doing of it?—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Those New Premiums.

We have just added some new premiums to our stock that will be so easily earned by selling the Christmas 'Pictorial' (15 cents a copy) that it will be surprising if they do not find their way into many many homes of our young 'Messenger' readers. We have some premiums (new and old favorites) to be earned by selling only 4 copies at 15 cents. Think of that! What are they?

These are six to choose from:—

1.—Boys' Jack-knife, with chain and swivel to prevent it getting lost, stout hard wood handle and two blades, one large, one small.

2.—Girls' Pen-knife, nickel handle, two blades, length closed 2 1-2 inches, strong, yet slender for purse or pencil box.

3.—Folding Pocket Scissors, a neat, compact little article, a very useful addition to the work bag.

4.—Child's Table Set, knife, fork, and spoon, makes no claim to being heavy silver plate, but is very pretty and serviceable. A charming present for the small brother or sister.

5.—Child's Illustrated Gift Book. Scripture or secular subject as preferred. Daintily bound in white, ornamented with gold and colors (Publishers price 50 cents).

6.—Set of Three Maple Leaf Brooch Pins. Colored, hard enamel, very pretty and useful as brooches, or beauty pins or as a blouse set.

Often in your own family or among your nearest friends you can secure orders for 4 'Christmas Pictorials' (15 cents each) for they will be the very best sort of a Christmas card to send to friends in 'the old country' or anywhere else. If you send the money in advance (50 cents in money order or registered letter) you would get the premium by return mail and the copies of the 'Pictorial' to deliver, but if you don't want to send the money first just send us a post card saying: 'Please send me 4 'Christmas Pictorials' for me to sell at 15 cents to earn a', and we will send on the copies and get your premium ready to send off just as soon as the money comes back to us. We will also send our premium list of other things to choose from if you want to change your mind and earn something bigger.

Remember, you don't promise to sell every month just because you sell the Christmas number. We want to place the 'Christmas Pictorial' in just as many homes as we can, and in doing so we are ready to help our young readers to earn nice Christmas presents for themselves or for their friends. Now, who is going to try? Your can all speak at once if you like, for we have special clerks ready to handle all the many Christmas orders. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

LITTLE FOLKS

An Outcast.

(By Bunnie Bickford, in the 'Cat Journal,' Rochester, N.Y.)

A wanderer by the wayside,
Sick and without a home
Chased about by the dogs and boys
With never a call to 'come.'

A lady one day in passing
Heard my wee little cry of pain;
Her heart was touched with pity
And my cry was not in vain.

To her home in mercy she took me
'A barn cat, you shall be
To chase away the rats and mice.'
My new mistress says to me.

And never into the parlor
Did she ever mean me to go,
But all the same I said to myself
'We'll see, ha, ha, ho, ho.'

And in time my lady loved me.
And into the house I went,
The rats and mice forgotten,
I was so very content.

So now into the parlor,
With independent air,
I walk all times of day or night
And take the softest chair.

You see I am no longer
A straying homeless cat;
I have a home a good one,
And all that goes with that.

A True Story of Two Lands.

(By Elizabeth M. Clark, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

It all began with a doll.

And what better beginning could there be for a story! so Mary Louise would have said, or at least thought, in those days just after the wonderful birthday when she had received Evangeline—and many others. To be sure, beside that beautiful baby-doll, with real hair that curled up in a natural sort of way under its baby-cap, there were Lizette and Ida and Dinah and Esmeralda, and two or three others with such marvellous names that Mary Louise used to forget, and name them over again. In her own mind, she classed them as 'Evangeline—and the others.'

How did she come to get so many new dolls, all on one birthday? Why that is a story in itself, but after all, there is no reason why it should not be told.

That story begun farther back still, with the birthday of the year before. It was early in December that her birthday came, and Mary Louise's papa and mamma did not have so very much money, while they did have a great many children, and so it came about that some nice, warm Winter clothes used to be done up in neat looking parcels, and put with her other gifts in the room which she shared with



Growley Bark was a woolley dog
Who was selfish, cross and bad.
He'd never let the other dogs
Have anything he had.
Although he'd always lots to eat
And plenty he could spare.
No hungry puppies would he help
Or for their troubles care.

But when at last old Growley grew
So old he couldn't move
He didn't have a single friend
To help him or to love.
This old, mean, selfish Growley Bark
To be kind had never tried,
And now he lay alone and sad
And starved until he died.



RH Loösley

—'Christian Age.'

Dorothy. After breakfast, Mary Louise would go upstairs and open the bundles.

But on that particular birthday no calls of delight were heard from the bedroom, and her mother, going in, saw Mary Louise untying the strings of the last parcel, looking as if the tears were just ready to fall. The rest of the family followed Mrs. Hughes into the room, and Mary Louise, smiling up through her unshed tears, said bravely:

'It—it doesn't look like a doll, but perhaps it is.'

Her mother looked at Mary Louise's grandmother; Dorothy looked at her father; big brother Philip looked at the cook; the younger children looked at Mary Louise. Then the little girl whose birthday it was pulled off the brown paper, saw the pair of Winter leggings and threw herself sobbing into her grandmother's arms.

'I wanted one doll, oh! I did. I

know it's nice to have good, warm clothes, and I know lots of poor little girls would be glad to have them, but oh, dear! I wanted one new doll, and I wanted to call her Evangeline.'

Grandma took Mary Louise up in her arms and cuddled her, and Papa Hughes looked at Dorothy, who went out to the nearest toy-store and soon came back with a wax doll that had a card tied around its waist. On the card was printed:

I'm not the prettiest doll ever seen,
But still my name is Evangeline.

'Why, isn't that funny,' exclaimed Mary Louise, drying her tears with one of her birthday handkerchiefs. 'And wouldn't it have been dreadful if her name had been something else?'

But July brought a great sorrow. Evangeline was taken out in the heat of the day to watch the firecrackers, and in some strange way was left out

in the sun while the children went in to their mid-day dinner. By afternoon, what was left of that poor dolly could be recognized only by the pink gingham dress.

So this is the end of the story of Evangeline I.

EVANGELINE II.

The next birthday was so very different. It came at just the same time of year, as birthdays have a way of doing, but it seemed just as different as could be. Even the parcels didn't look the same; they were all of such strange shapes.

After breakfast, Mary Louise went upstairs, and all the others followed. There were birthday surprises for the little 'birthday girl,' but the strange thing is, that the grown-up people were surprised, too. There were some things they had not told one another, for this is what they saw:

Mary Louise looked at the queerly shaped packages and chose one of the largest. It proved to be a thick, warm, Winter coat, but the sleeves looked very strange, and when Mary Louise slipped in her hand, from one sleeve she drew out a little doll in a blue sailor dress, and from the other, one in a pink dress. The Winter coat was from Papa Hughes. The dolls, so the labels said, were from the three-year-old twins, and they (the dolls, not the twins) were promptly named Angelina and Seraphina.

Next, Mary Louise took up a parcel that looked as if the paper were shaped by a box; the box was flat one way and round the other. Whatever could be inside? Mary Louise opened the cover, found inside the dearest little gray muff, and inside that the queerest little gray doll, both from sister Dorothy. 'It's a Quaker dolly,' she said. 'What shall her name be?' asked Mary Louise.

'How would Patience do?' suggested Grandma.

Mary Louise tried to look pleased. Then she said honestly, 'I am afraid I should not love her very much with that name; you see, I am not a very patient person myself.'

So the Quaker dolly was named Welcome, instead.

'One of the small parcels came next, and that was found to hold a gaily-bordered handkerchief from cook, and even a small black doll inside that. This one came already named, for on its apron was marked in red the word 'Dinah.'

Lizette, a small doll all the way from Paris, peeped out from inside one of a pair of blue mittens, while Ida came with a sled, and Esmeralda with a fur tippet. Even the birthday cake, which was to be eaten later, had a tiny, fairy-like doll-baby standing up in the centre.

At last there was only one parcel left. 'I'm most sure this must be leg-gings,' said Mary Louise, thoughtfully, 'cause mamma had me give my other ones to Helen.'

Sure enough, the paper was taken off, and inside there appeared something

blue and woolly, like the mittens. But the leggings were not all; they were wrapped around a beautiful doll, not so very large, but oh, so natural. It was dressed in long clothes, like a real baby, and the clothes would come off and on as easily as Mary Louise's own.

'Oh, you dear Grandma!' she exclaimed, hugging the new doll and her grandmother, by turns: 'Of course, this is Evangeline.'

'We've got such a funny family,' confided Mary Louise to her 'very best friend,' Jessie, a few days later. The two were playing house, and Mary Louise was allowing Jessie to undress Evangeline.

'Why, what's the matter?' asked the visitor, with wide open eyes.

'Nothing, only sister Dorothy is going 'way off to be something; it's a mishnary, I think, and sometimes the big people seem pleased, and sometimes they cry. Don't you think that's funny; and what is a mishnary?'

'I don't know,' said Jessie, 'but I do think it's funny to be pleased and not pleased about the same thing.'

'Yes, isn't it?' agreed Mary Louise. 'I nefer am. But I wonder if it is really nice to be a mishnary, or why big people don't know.'

Dorothy stood in the doorway with a smile on her face. 'It is something very nice,' she said. 'Come here, you two midgets, and I'll tell you about it.'

Six months later, Dorothy started on her long journey to China, and when she left, there was no one more interested in missionaries than the small sister, Mary Louise, who had insisted upon giving up Seraphina and Angelina for the 'poor little Chinagirl.' Mary Louise had a firmly fixed idea, which no one could shake, that little Chinese girls were made of china and should have china dolls 'to match.'

(To be continued.)

The Curiosity of a Little Boy.

Little things and little people are often responsible for great results, and maybe you do not know that discovery of that important instrument, the telescope, may be traced to the curiosity of a little boy, and this is how it came about:

The little boy I am telling you about, was the son of an optician, who lived in Holland. He and his sisters loved to play about their father's work bench, and often they amused themselves by looking at the sea through the little smooth concave glasses, which their father used in his work.

Now, one day, it happened, that the boy, while playing with two of those glasses, chanced to hold them before his eyes, in such a way that the face of the Cathedral clock seemed very near.

This surprised him greatly, for the clock was so far away that he could scarcely see the hands with his naked eyes.

For a while he stared at the clock and then at the glasses, each of which he tried in turn, but the clock was as far away as ever, and so it remained, turn them as he would, until by chance again he held both up together, when lo! as if by magic, the church stood beside him.

'Oh, I know, I know!' he cried aloud. 'It's the two together.' Then in great joy he ran to his father and told him of his remarkable discovery.

His father tried the glasses in his turn and found that the boy had spoken the truth, when he said he could bring the great church clock nearer.

So this was the way people learned that putting a concave and a convex glass together in just the right position, would make distant objects seem near. Without this knowledge, we should never have had the telescope, and without the telescope we should have known little of the sun, moon or stars.

So, if you ever have a chance to look through a telescope and see the wonders it has to reveal, just remember the little boy who once lived in far off Holland.—'Eagle.'

FOR THE LITTLE MOTHERS

A SEWING CIRCLE.

Who has not played the jolly game, 'Will you join Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle?' We have another sewing circle in mind—of little Aunt Sally and her friends sewing for their dollies. Don't you want to form a sewing circle, making new clothes to 'surprise them' for Christmas, and have patterns of your own like the big folks, only ever so much simpler?

Get four little girls to join you and collect five cents from each. Send the money to us or better still, get mother to send it for you, (twenty-five cents in stamps would do), and we will send to you five doll's pattern sets, very simple and easy to cut. They are all one size, for doll of 12 to 18 inches high, but you can cut larger or smaller to suit. Each set gives patterns for several garments. We select the styles from our stock; you distribute them to your little friends, and then the members of the club get together to sew, changing round their patterns so that all the dollies can share the styles. Wouldn't it be fun? Who'll be the first 'Aunt Sally?'

If you want these patterns you must write quickly, for we have only a certain number. They were so popular last year that we got all the maker had left, and when these are gone we can't get any more like them this season. Single orders for one set cannot be filled at less than ten cents, or two sets for fifteen cents.



This cut shows one set. No two sets alike in the five we send out to the 'Sewing Circle.'

Address your envelope Pattern Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Be sure to mark on the top of your letter, inside, the words, 'Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

The Something That Somebody Said.

Headaches and heartaches and 'blue' days unending.

Grief, petulation, remorse and regret, Oft'times we suffer, the whole of them blending

Into a union of worry and fret.

Some for relief seek a potion from Bacchus, Through sleepless nights others toss in their bed.

Ah, the lost faith, the vexations that rack us, All due to something that somebody said.

Many the morning, whose dawning is gladness,

Warmed with faith's sunshine, resplendent with hope,

Grows through the afternoon clouded with sadness.

Dark'ning with shadows the pathways we grope;

Just because somebody, thoughtless, uncaring, Sly tittle-tattle and gossip has spread—

Heavy's the burden that many are bearing, All due to something that somebody said.

—Selected.

Guessing Games.

Guessing games are enjoyed by the older children, and several can be used in an evening. With slight preparation tests of the five senses can be made. On a table in one room have twelve familiar objects, allowing one or two minutes for observation, then ask all to retire to another room and write the names of the twelve articles without help from each other. An umbrella, hatbox, inkwell, vase, pencil, lemon, teacup, purse, book, slipper, key and scissors are suggested.

Next in very quick succession let them hear sounds made by a saw, hammer, tea bell, triangle, music box or gramophone, piano or organ, door banging, tearing paper, cat mewing, sneeze and other causes, not allowing any memorandum to be made till all noises are over and then limiting the time for writing.

For testing the third sense, have small packages as near the size as possible, all wrapped alike, in which there is coffee, tea, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, cheese, soap, mustard, lemon, banana, cabbage and halibut (or any smoked fish) and allow all to sniff at them for two or three minutes and then make out their list.

In a dimly lighted room set ten or twelve bowls on a table, supply each guest with a tiny spoon and see how quick they are to discover and remember what they taste. In the bowls have diluted vinegar, oil, cider, weak peppermint tea, maple syrup, catsup (diluted), water, beef broth or clear soup, salted water and chocolate, all of the same temperature—preferably cold.

If convenient, prepare a small room for testing the sense of touch. So there may be no accidents to mar the evening's pleasure, remove all furniture except one heavy chair, and all pictures or bric-a-brac within reach of the out-stretched arms. Beside the chair, have a basket and a feather duster and a large tin pan in the chair. In one corner have a broom, a fishing pole and map stick, and in another an ironing board, having an old fur cap or bonnet, or sponge fastened to it. A wooden chopping bowl having artificial flowers in, may be set on a very firm table if the room is large enough, and over the curtains ropes may be hung. After spending three minutes in the dark room, each one must write the name of at least ten objects touched. If such a plan is not feasible, have the company blindfolded, and hand around quickly a clothes' brush, shell, sponge, pencil, eraser, pie pan, potato, handkerchief, flower, blotter, egg-whip, paper cutter, and a lump of coal the size of the potato.—'Pilgrim.'

The thing to seek is not the good time, but the spirit which can make good times out of common time,—the spirit of good cheer. The spirit of good cheer, that is the spring in the hills whence laughter runs.—William O. Gannett.

An Unusual Cut in Prices of Slightly Used ORGANS

This is your opportunity to put a first-class organ in your home for Christmas, and do it at very little cost. Every organ on the list is being offered away below regular values, and the terms of payment require but a small expenditure now. Every organ is guaranteed, and each one will be shipped subject to your approval. We agree to pay the return freight if not entirely satisfactory to you.

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THOMAS—5-octave solid walnut organ by the E. G. Thomas Co., in solid walnut case, nicely carved, without high top, suitable for mission or chapel use. Has 8 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells. A very nice toned instrument in excellent order. Special Sale Price	\$27.00
PELOUBET & PELTON—5-octave walnut organ by the Peloubet & Pelton Co., in solid walnut case, neatly carved, with small extended top. Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, with an extra sub bass set, knee swell. An excellent toned instrument. Special Sale Price	\$31.00
DOMINION—5-octave organ by the Dominion Organ Co., in neat mahogany case. This instrument is of Chapel design, with small rail top, and is specially suitable for small church or chapel use. Has 9 stops, 2 sets of reeds in the treble, 1 set in the bass, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. A modern and attractive instrument. Special Sale Price	\$39.00
KARN—5-octave parlor organ by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in solid walnut case of neat design, with high top, has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, etc. An attractive instrument in splendid order. Special Sale Price	\$44.00
BELL—5-octave parlor organ by Daniel Bell, in specially handsome solid walnut case, carved and decorated. Has 12 stops, 3 sets of reeds in the treble and 2 sets in the bass, 2 knee swells, a beautiful instrument. Special Sale Price	\$47.00
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DOMINION—6-octave piano-case organ by the Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville, in mahogany finished case with end panels fret carved and solid polished centre panel. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, patent folding mouseproof pedals. Special Sale Price	\$78.00
BELL—6-octave piano-case organ by the Bell Co., Guelph, in very attractive walnut case, full length music desk, mirror, rail top, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals. Just like new. Special Sale Price	\$79.00
THOMAS—A very handsome piano-case organ by the Thomas Organ Co., Woodstock, in walnut case with mirror top, marquetry panels. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, lamp stands, mouseproof pedals, etc. Cannot be told from new. Special Sale Price	\$84.00
SHERLOCK-MANNING—A very handsome golden oak piano case organ by the Sherlock-Manning Co., in case of very attractive design with plain panels, finished and polished like a piano, and surmounted by hand carving. Has 13 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, used less than one year. Special Sale Price	\$85.00
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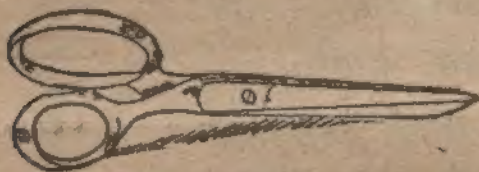
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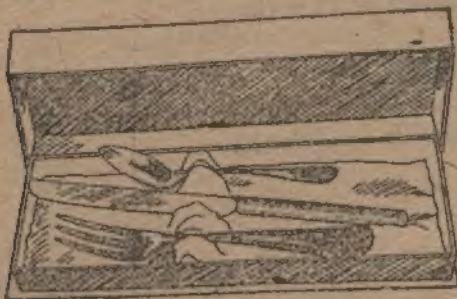
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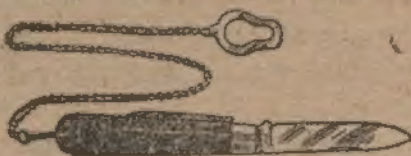
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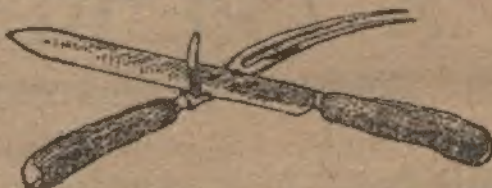
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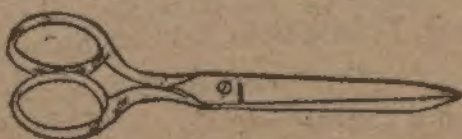
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Bless Me Also.

(Hattie Dusenbury, in the 'American Messenger'.)

Bless me also, O my Father,
In the morning of my youth,
E'er the evil days come near me,
Teach me of thy precious truth.
All the future lies before me
Like a strange and unknown land;
I know not what awaits me,
But can trust it in thy hand.

Bless me also, O my Father,
In the noontide of my life,
Grant me strength for all life's duties,
Arm me for the coming strife.
For I know that thou art mighty,
Only in thy strength I'm strong.
Shielded by thy great salvation
I can battle against wrong.

Bless me also, O my Father,
In the twilight of my life,
When I'm weary of earth's trials,
And its sorrows, cares and strife
When my soul, with conflicts weary,
Longs to leave this house of clay
And return to God, who gave it,
He who leads me all the way.

The Real End.

The end of life is not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God.

How can you build up a life on that principle? Let me give you an outline of a little Bible reading:

The object of life, 'I come to do Thy will, O God.'

The first thing you need after life is food: 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me.'

The next thing you need after food is society: 'He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.'

You want education: 'Teach me to do Thy will, O God.'

You want pleasure: 'I delight to do Thy will, O God.'

A whole life can be built up on that one vertical column, and then, when all is over, 'He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'—Henry Drummond.

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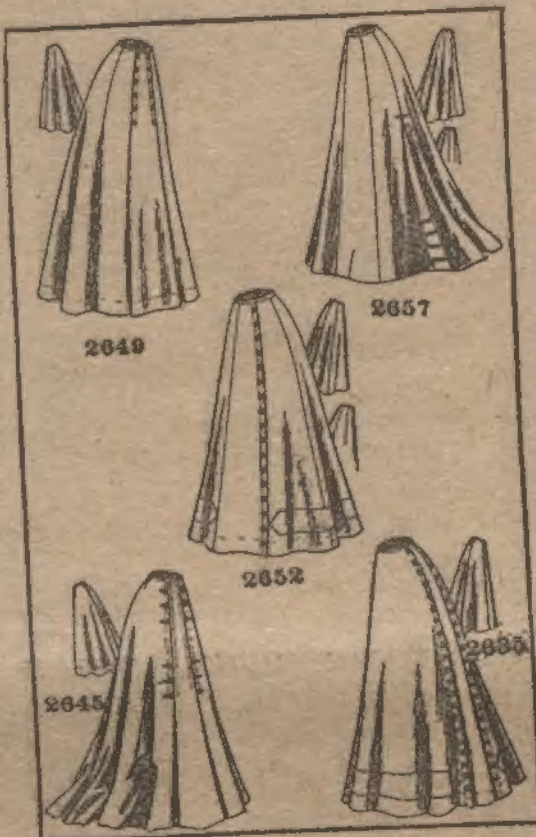
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D3. Fine Kestner Kid Body Doll, celluloid head, arms and feet, real sewn wig, closing eyes, hip, knee and arm joints, each \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00 and... .5.00

D4. Kestner Kid Body Doll, hip and arm joints, closing eyes, each, \$1.00, \$1.50 and... .2.00

D5. Kid Body Doll, closing eyes, shoes and stockings, cut joints, each, 50c, 75c and... .1.00

D6. Large Kestner Doll, Kid body, arm, hip and knee joints, beautiful sewn wig, real eyelashes, each,

\$4.00, \$5.00 and... .6.00

D7. Jointed Kid Body Doll, closing eyes, good hair, each, 75c, \$1.00 and... .1.25

D8. Kestner Kid Body Doll, hip, knee and arm joints, bisque head, closing eyes, each \$1.00, \$2.00 and... .3.00

D9. Large Kid Body Doll, hip and arm joints, natural hair, closing eyes, each, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and... .2.50

D10. Kid Body Doll, hip and knee joints, bisque head, closing eyes, each, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, and... .2.00

D11. Kid Body Doll, hip, knee and arm joints, closing eyes, with real lashes, each \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

and... .3.00

The Following Dolls Are Not Illustrated:

D12. Small Jointed Doll, stationary or closing eyes, natural hair, 15c, 25c, and... .50

D13. Linen Body Doll, bisque head, shoes and stockings, 15c, 25c, and... .50

D14. China Head Dolls, linen covered bodies, 5c, 10c, and... .15

D15. Baby Dolls, long clothes, stationary and closing eyes, 50c, and... .1.00

The 50c doll has stationary eyes. D16c. Genuine Para Rubber Dolls, both dressed and undressed, 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c and... .75

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
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TORONTO, ONTARIO.